



## Prince Albert gives smokers such delight, because

- its flavor is so different and so delightfully good;
- it can't bite your tongue;
- it can't parch your throat;
- you can smoke it as long and as hard as you like without any comeback but real tobacco happiness!

On the reverse side of every Prince Albert package you will read:

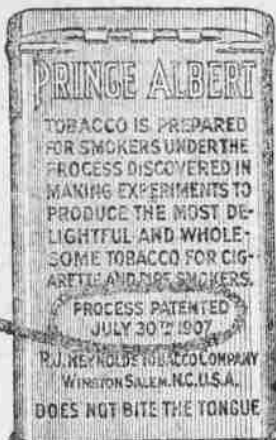
"PROCESS PATENTED JULY 30th, 1907"

That means to you a lot of tobacco enjoyment. Prince Albert has always been sold without coupons or premiums. We prefer to give quality!

## PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

YOU'LL find a cheery howdy-do on top no matter how much of a stranger you are in the neck of the woods you drop into. For Prince Albert is right there—at the first place you pass that sells tobacco! The happy red bag, with a nickel and the tidy red tin far a dime; then there's the handsome round and half-round tin humidor and the round crystal-glass humidor with sportsmanlike top that keeps the tobacco in such hang-up trim all the time!



This is the reverse side of the Prince Albert tin. Read this "Patented Process" message to you and realize what it means in making Prince Albert so much to your liking.

in goodness and in pipe satisfaction is all we or its enthusiastic friends ever claimed for it!

It answers every smoke desire you or any other man ever had! It is so cool and fragrant and appealing to your smoke appetite that you will get chummy with it in a mighty short time!

Will you invest 5c or 10c to prove out our say-so on the national joy smoke?

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

### My Trip to Moberly.

On the morning of October 23rd, 1916, I boarded the train No. 10 at Des Arc for St. Louis; transferred to No. 6 at De Soto and arrived in St. Louis about 8:00 o'clock. Was met at the train by my friend, Mrs. E. W. Graves, and we had breakfast together.

After meeting Mrs. May, our State Correspondent Secretary of the W. C. T. U., I secured my ticket for Moberly and bidding my friend good-by, I took my place in the special coach attached to train No. 3 over the Wabash at 9:30 for Moberly, Mo. We had a very delightful trip to say the least. Everything was done by the trainmen possible for our comfort, for which we white ribboners were very grateful.

We arrived in Moberly at 1:30 p. m. and stepping off the train right into the arms of the white ribboners of Moberly, who composed the reception committee. We were at once taken in autos to the Central Christian Church, and assigned to our homes during the convention.

After a good rest we were taken to the M. E. Church, South, for supper. Then, at 7:30 p. m., we took our seats in the executive meeting held that night. When the meeting adjourned the citizens of Moberly were waiting with their cars to take us to our homes in all parts of the city, which we appreciated very much, as we (most of us) were strangers in the town. And this great accommodation continued throughout the convention.

At 9:00 a. m. Tuesday we were in our seats and the official business was taken up at once. And I want to say right here that throughout the entire convention God's power and presence was manifested in a most marvelous way.

Tuesday night there was a grand diamond medal contest held in the great auditorium and though there was a heavy down pour of rain all day Tuesday and continued through the night, the house was crowded to the limit. There were four contestants ranging from 15 to 50 years of age. Dallas Beach, of Sikeston, Mo., won the medal. He has won the silver, gold, grand-gold, diamond and now the grand diamond medal and is only 15 years of age.

Wednesday morning the convention proper commenced. And as I sat in that great auditorium and saw that vast delegation of noble women, and most of them mothers, I said, "O God! help us to send such an earnest petition to thee that we will win prohibition and Missouri will go dry on November 7th, 1916. Wednesday night was welcome night. Seated on the platform with the State W. C. T. U. officers, were the Mayor of Moberly and a dozen other representatives of the churches and societies of the city and each one gave us a very cordial welcome and expressed their great pleasure in having us as their guests.

And so we continued throughout the entire week, doing business for our King. I want to especially impress on the minds of all that I never saw such earnest work as was done in this convention to over-throw this awful monster that is eating at the very vitals of our nation. I do pray that Nov. 7th, 1916, we will bid "Juno. Barleycorn" "goodby" in Missouri.

We had 488 delegates from every part of Missouri, and as many visitors or more, and I was told that at nights hundreds of people were turned away for want of room.

On Thursday afternoon the men of Commercial Club gave us an auto ride and showed us the splendid city of Moberly, which is called the Queen City of North Missouri.

The Union Choir, furnished by the several churches of Moberly, gave some very fine selections, also the several solos sang by both men and women were greatly enjoyed by all.

And I wish to say that Iron county, only organized one year ago, ranked 7th in the state in gain of members. Des Arc made the greatest gain and received a check for \$10.71 from the State as a prize, of which we are very proud. Iron county was also honored with being given a seat in the National Convention in the way of sending one of Iron County's women as a delegate. So, dear women, listen to me. Now, take courage and pray more and work harder and we will have a dry Missouri.

Starting from Moberly at 5:00 a. m. Saturday, we arrived in St. Louis at 11:15, went at once and ate dinner, spent the remainder of the day shopping and at 5:30 p. m. boarded train No. 9 and arrived at Des Arc at 11:00, very tired, but feeling greatly encouraged, and ready to begin another year's work for Jesus. So pray much, dear mothers, that in the very near future the victory will be ours.

Yours for a dry Missouri.  
MRS. R. H. STEVENSON,  
County President W. C. T. U.

Ed Reed, the expert wagon maker now in the employ of R. E. Johnson, at Bellevue, and who is turning out some first-class wagons. All purchasers are pleased. Call and see him.

### The Plea of Bob White.

W. L. Nelson, Assistant Secretary Missouri State Board of Agriculture: Please, farmer friend, may I speak before you shoot?

I am Bob White. It is my cheery whistle that comes to you through the ghost-gray mist of the morning, my coo-call that echoes hill and dale as dies the day.

In the early springtime when nature writes in pink her proclamations of plenty, I, in orchards, fields and pastures, begin my battle against insect pests. Then when comes the wondrous white winter, lulling into peace the plains and crowning with heavenly whiteness the hills, I still am here—still working to increase the next harvest. All winter long I labor, eating the seed of noxious weeds.

How many bugs and beetles and weed seed do I eat? Well, I wonder I cannot say, but here is what science says:

"Eighty-five different weed seeds make up in part Bob White's bill of fare. Crops have been found packed with ragweed seed and as many as 1,000 seeds of the crabgrass have been taken from one bird. A single specimen containing 10,000 pigweed seeds. Crops and gizzard examined in the government laboratories have yielded fifty-seven varieties of bugs, nine grasshoppers and locusts, and thirteen different sorts of caterpillars, besides ants, flies, wasps and spiders. A teaspoonful of chinch bugs has been taken from one quail, and an adult bird has been known to eat 5,000 plant lice in two hours. Bob White feeds upon the boll weevil, cabbage worm, Hessian fly and many other insect pests."

What pay do I demand for thus helping you in your fight against weeds and in reducing the annual insect bill of \$800,000,000? Why, I ask that I only be let live. Dead, I am only a small morsel of meat; alive, I make it easier for you and yours to live. Spare me and I will serve you.

I speak not in opposition to true sportsmanship but against unrestrained slaughter. Today our numbers are few. Tomorrow we may be no more.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

—Advertisement.

### 16 AUTOMOBILES FREE.

St. Louis Republic Makes Astounding Offer to Ambitious Women.

Surpassing in liberality any offer of its kind ever given in this section, The St. Louis Republic is offering to young women a remarkable opportunity of winning sixteen luxurious motor cars without a cent of cost. Other handsome prizes, including sparkling diamond rings, Victorias, etc., are also to be distributed free among those who respond to the offer.

The glittering array of automobiles is attracting the eager attention of thousands upon thousands of people, and the good news of The Republic's great automobile and prize campaign is sweeping in every direction.

Automobiles are something not everyone can buy. To obtain one without paying money for it is something that seldom occurs. Its possession means pleasure unalloyed, pleasure that only big money can buy—except in this campaign. The opportunity is open to women, whether residing in city or country. Those residing in the outside districts do not have to compete with candidates in Greater St. Louis, as they have an equal prize list of their own to share in.

Every woman, married or single, from sixteen years up, has an equal chance to become the owner of an automobile. The ambition to succeed is the principal requisite. Already many aspirants are beginning to participate in the campaign, but the long list of splendid prizes presents an enticing opportunity to many more.

The St. Louis Republic exercised much thought and care in selecting for its prize automobiles such cars as the ultimate winners will be proud to own. Best of all is the \$1,724 Westcott Six, a classy 7-passenger model. The Chandler Six, costing \$1,330, is another free prize. A \$1,115 Studebaker, a \$1,110 Velle Six, a Reo Six worth \$1,175, and a Chalmers, selling at \$1,120, are among the beautiful awards, besides ten other cars. Every car is a 1917 model, therefore containing the improvements and equipment that next year's automobiles will have.

The automobiles and other prizes can be won by the simple expedient of gathering votes. Free votes are published every day in The St. Louis

## OUR GUARANTEE



## Cole's Original Hot Blast Heater

Your Money Back!

You get back the original cost of your stove in the fuel money saved each winter. Could you ask for more?

1. We guarantee a saving of one-third in fuel over any lower draft stove of the same size, with soft coal, lignite or slack.
2. We guarantee Cole's Hot Blast to use less hard coal for heating a given space than any base burner made with same size firepot.
3. We guarantee that the rooms can be heated from one to two hours each morning with the fuel put in the stove the evening before.
4. We guarantee that the stove will hold fire with soft coal or hard coal from Saturday evening to Monday morning.
5. We guarantee a uniform heat day and night with soft coal, hard coal or lignite.
6. We guarantee every stove to remain absolutely air-tight as long as used.
7. We guarantee the feed down the smoke and dust port.
8. We guarantee the anti-puffing draft to prevent puffing.

All we ask is that the stove be operated according to directions and connected with a good flue.

(Signed) COLE MANUFACTURING CO. (Not Inc.)  
(Makers of the Original Patented Hot Blast Stove)

This guarantee cannot be made on any other heating stove. If you want comfort and economy put one of these heaters in your home.

"Cole's Hot Blast Makes Your Coal Pile Last"  
Look for the name Cole's on an feed door to avoid imitations

Lopez Store Co.  
IRONTON, MO.



## Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

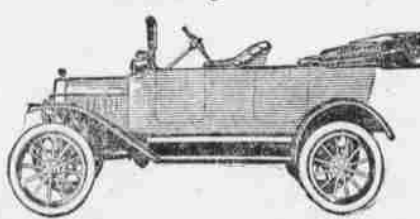
## New Prices August 1, 1916

The following prices for Ford Cars will be effective on and after August 1, 1916

Chassis	-	-	-	\$325.00
Runabout	-	-	-	345.00
Touring Car	-	-	-	360.00
Coupelet	-	-	-	505.00
Town Car	-	-	-	595.00
Sedan	-	-	-	645.00

F. O. B. Detroit

Fletcher & Barger Ironton Mo.



### A Little Story of Real Life.

#### "ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP."

Seated in a dusty ill-kept seat of one of the daily morning trains leaving a western city sat a tired, worn-out woman near middle age. She had seated herself with great care arranging her wraps and bag so as to share the seat with any belated passenger. She was dressed neatly, and although of cheap material, her clothes fitted perfectly. Her face and form had been one of rare beauty. The silvery hair loosely drawn back seemed carrying the spiritual face beneath. Time and care had not robbed her of all. Leaning wearily back in the dingy seat she closed her eyes seemingly oblivious to her surroundings, too tired, too exhausted, even after the conductor's raucous shouting and the slowly moving wheels had caused her to feel she had started on her journey to care. To end where? To find what? She cared not—only to know a satisfied longing and find something she had missed. Could it be found anywhere on this earth? Slowly, as with an effort, she opened her eyes and saw coming down the aisle a youth of about eighteen; his strained, pallid face was flushed with the exertion of running to catch and board the train. Almost staggering under the burden of a bulging rattan suitcase his arms filled with packages, folders and hand sale literature, he came hesitatingly toward where she was seated. Looking anxiously to each side as he came along he failed to find a vacant place or a kindly, unselfish thought from any of the occupants of the over-filled seats. Instantly into her mind came the kindly thought, some mother's boy, and she smiled up to him. Quickly he came to her seat and in a breathless, pleading voice asked, "May I be

seated?" As she answered, her eyes filled with tears, for she thought of her boys at home. "Yes, you may, and very welcome too." With a long drawn sigh of relief he sat down depositing his luggage at their feet. "Oh!" he said, "it seems so good to find a seat. I had to hurry so. I haven't any mother or any one to help me and I wanted to come so much. You see, I am not very strong and now that I have a seat I can rest quite a while before I get to the place I am going." In a low, sweet voice she asked, "But where are you going to?" "Oh, I am going, don't you see, down to Ironton to the land sale. We have bought a little tract of land and we are going down there to live. It will be glorious. I will get well and strong again and may be, won't ever have to go back to the city. Do you know, I thought of my mother when I saw you, so I came right straight to you. My sister is coming down, too, when she sells our things. She has planned a lot for me. We are very poor, but, Oh! we are going to live now and be so happy."

As she looked at this youth bravely fighting for a chance to escape the slowly creeping shadow of the grimly waiting specter, from her doubling heart went out this cry: "Is there a God? Why has he neglected us all so? Why the blight on this poor boy? This weariness and unsatisfied longing of all my life? Her life, too, had been one of hardship, privation and sacrifices. Why must it always be so? As he talked of his plans for the future, the work he would do, the joy he expected with the thought of God somewhere to be found that would help them, the morning passed. Nervously watching for the first glimpses of the expected haven he, at last, eagerly exclaimed, "Look! see! there is old Pilot Knob, and there is Shepherd Mountain, the portals to the Ozarks;

how grand and beautiful. Oh, it is so good to be here."

As they stepped from the dust and smoke of the train to the little platform the pure invigorating air from up the Arcadia Valley filled their lungs. She had taken on a little of his enthusiasm for she, too, was going there not to stay, but to enjoy what she could of whatever there was. The week of vacation passed quickly. The youth seemed gaining strength and hunted all the beautiful places; talked of nothing but the time when he could go to work. No one cared to take the time to listen to his rhapsodies only this one friend who was never too tired to listen for she knew full well the desire and longing each heart holds. The beautiful places had all been gone over, the flowers gathered and pressed to carry away. But, one thing yet remained. A trip up old Pilot Knob. At the top the natives had said God was very near one there. Little caring or thinking the two started up the mountain side through the deep shade of the overhanging boughs with the fragrance from the moist earth and the many flowers filling their nostrils. She to please the youth and he to show her his future home from the mountain top. Beautiful and bright all seemed at starting, but soon a few drops of rain, then a steady drizzle. In the woman's heart was resentment. Why was it always so? But, the boy kept urging on. Climbing over rocks, clinging to the boughs to keep the trail over deep ravines, where to lose one's foothold was to fall many feet below down to the frozen caves, through the deep pits the great coal company had blasted out, on and on they went the rain falling steadily as if to try their faith and spoil the view, but at last the top was reached. Standing on the natural platform of rocks, God did seem very near. On every side down the valley was the beautiful convincing manifestation. The curling smoke from the homes on the hillsides, the scattered herds grazing quietly near the banks of the swiftly flowing narrow stream, the gilded spire pointing heavenward from the little church nestling peacefully in the center of the dark green stretch of the valley below, all gave evidence. Baring his head with uplifted face, the youth seemed filled with the very essence. Softly he whispered, "God does seem very near. I have always wanted to feel his actual presence." Turning slowly to him, her face radiant with divine wisdom, she answered, "He is here." At that moment the clouds instantly broke and through the rain the valley was flooded with light and God shone forth in all His glory. Reverently kneeling on the rocks at the mountain top, with peace of the true understanding filling their hearts, gave thanks they had found the eternal living God. Then trusting in the perfect assurance they started down the homeward trail. With the mellowed ringing of the convent bell on the distant hills came music to their souls.

VIRGINIA B. WORST.